#### **New York Teachers** Dreamed of China

BEGGARS' GOLD. By Ernest Pools.
The Macmillan Company.

ROM Pearly Gates, a small vil-

lage in the Berkshire Mountains, came Peter Wells to teach in a New York school. It had been his uncle. Bill Gowdy, who had pushed him into it—his uncle and his uncle's collection of stamps. For in the "inner world" of Peter Wells there had been romantic dreamings, and these dreams became more real with the introduction of the stamp album the fascination of foreign names, of tiny, colored pictures of kings, emperors, rajahs, shahs, of great national heroes, of old cities, temples, mosques, of lions, elephants, unicorns, of ships and harbors, mighty rivers." But mostly the pictures in his mind were of China. "Golden idols, tinkling bells, of China. "Golden idols, tinkling bells, sinister priests on murder bent, lurking in dark temples with long, gleaming knives in their hands; enormous brightly painted junks attacked by swarms of river pirates; camels in long, weird processions winding over the desert at night; mandarins in shining robes wetching their dozens of shining robes watching their dozens of gorgeous young wives dance before them in the light of tossing paper lanterns; harem loves, escapes and mur-ders; fields of popptes, opium dives!" And then came Moon Chao, the little

And then came Moon Chao, the little Chinese lad, and simultaneously the romance, the love of Peter's life, the George Douglas Roberts was the son romance, the love of Peter's life, the girl who so deeply stirred the shy, warm intensity of this New England lad. As he thought of Kate, of their talk, of Kate's love and knowledge of China, of his desire for her, his thoughts soared glowingly only be encountered by a frank look he gave himself in the mirror. "I may look like a boarding house," he told himself, "but by God I've got a China inside!"

George Douglas Roberts was the son of a minister and was a professor up to the time he entered the war with the rank of Major. How a professor came to be one of the most understanding of backwoodsmen will be partly explained if you will find Fredericton, New Brunswick, on the map. Douglas, the little town where Roberts was the son of a minister and was a professor up to the time he entered the war with

Their marriage followed quickly. Through all the discouragements—for there were many—and through the life of the small daughter, runs the hope of China ahead. It is partly this that goes toward making the book so real. So like any of us, all of us per-haps, with something to look forward to, again and again being forced to put

bound to come true.

It is not only the adventuring po-Mr. Poole draws his encouraging hopes of the future.

In 1879 with honors in metaphysics, ethics and political economy.

He was headmaster of a grammar

ers. They are the beggars who sit on the bags of gold. Under them are the youth of all the land, here and everywhere, and the ones who dig for the colleagues out into the beauty of the wintry land.

One of his students has described

The characters are living people.
The old principal, Dillingham, with his philosophy and his charm, his work and his school and his wide open mind, is one of the most appealing.

"It's this—this rising feeling—this muscular as the appeared at this time:

Roberts as he appeared at this time:

"His blond beard and brown goggled a book called "Jim—The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog."

The characters are living people.

"His blond beard and brown goggled a book called "Jim—The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog."

The characters are living people.

"His blond beard and brown goggled a book called "Jim—The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog."

The characters are living people.

"His blond beard and brown goggled a book called "Jim—The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog."

The characters are living people.

"His blond beard and brown goggled by the big guns. So they appeared in the big guns. So they appeared in the big guns. The big guns are constant to the big guns. The big guns are constant to the big guns. The big guns are constant to the big guns are constant to the big guns. The big guns are constant to the big guns are constant to the big guns. The big guns are constant to the big guns are constant to the big guns are constant to the big guns. So they appeared in the big guns are constant to the big guns are constant to the big guns. So they appeared in the big guns are constant to the big guns. So they appeared in the big guns are constant to the big guns. So they appeared in the big guns are constant to t and his school and his wide open mind, is one of the most appealing, sees visions accentuated, yet evidently we imagine, is the young school-muscular, an athlete who could wield sense of having such a lot inside of us when we are young," Dillingham tells when we are young," Dillingham tells when we are young, but to the work and wilds and Peter. "Up it comes, and as each one of us makes his solemn little accustomed to the difficult ways of the woods and wilds."

The rapt myopic vision of one who sees visions accentuated, yet evidently we imagine, is the young school-teacher in "The Gray Master," one of the heroes of the volume "Kings in Exile." Of course Uncle Andy in "Children of the Wild" is just the accustomed to the difficult ways of the sort of uncle Major Roberts in all of his stories, were imagine, is the young school-teacher in "The Gray Master," one of the heroes of the volume "Kings in Exile." Of course Uncle Andy in "Children of the Wild" is just the accustomed to the difficult ways of the sort of uncle Major Roberts in all of his stories, were imagine, is the young school-teacher in "The Gray Master," one of the heroes of the volume "Kings in Exile." Of course Uncle Andy in "Children of the Wild" is just the accustomed to the difficult ways of the sort of uncle Major Roberts in all of his stories, were imagine, is the young school-teacher in "The Gray Master," one of the heroes of the volume "Kings in Exile." Of course Uncle Andy in "Children of the Wild" is just the accustomed to the difficult ways of the sort of uncle Major Roberts in all of his stories, we imagine, is the young school-teacher in "The Gray Master," one of the heroes of the heroes of the volume "Kings" in Exile." Of course Uncle Andy in "Children of the Wild" is just the sort of uncle Major Roberts in all of his stories, we imagine, is the young in the heroes of the volume "The heavy in the heroes of the heroes of the volume "The heavy in the heroes of the heroes of the volume "The heavy in the heroes of the heroes of the heroes of attempt to flash his light up to the stars he gets to feeling like God Almighty. Then, in most cases, down it goes, and he feels like a man again. And after many such ups and downs he gets used to this feeling. It's like an old friend. 'Hello-you here again?' he says, 'Good morning.' And presently 'Good night.' For down it sinks again to sleep. And the sleeps grow longer—longer."

"Beggars' Gold" is a very unusual book. Into it Mr. Poole has put that distinctive quality of his of capturing H. Doran Com whole enormous crowds of people and holding them for us while we too get our glimpses into their struggles and their "inner lives." He lets us live very close to his principal characters. The book does not belong in the category of the realistically self-engrossed which has colored all the years of a New York youth and early middle age. MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

#### Dickie and the Devil El. DIABLO. By Brayton Norton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

L DIABLO"? The devil? The devil, yes! and several of his first lieutenants!

This is a story of a small southern California fishing town where youth and ambition and courage carry out the work which fathers died in at-

Dickie Lang is a girl of to-day, a

Dickie Lang is a girl of to-day, a girl who sticks to her guns and is determined to win. A girl can win just as well as any man can when she knows her job, and Dickie knew her job, and too, she loved Kenneth to had too she loved Kenneth to had too she loved Kenneth to had too she loved Kenneth to had to had too she loved Kenneth to had to had too had to had job. And, too, she loved Kenneth Gregory, so it wasn't hard to fight with him to the end!

And, gee, but it was a glorious end! publicity, secret service ing, the brave ex-service



# FICTION AND VERSE FOR OLD AND YOUNG

### With Our Animal Friends

for making one understand heard from him was in Algiers, animals feel, how they live—

In this collected edition we find the how the animals feel, how they livetheir troubles, trials and privations. He knows and thoroughly sympathizes with the creatures of the wild, and has written of them in such a moving, tragic/ thrilling and immensely interesting fashion that he has had the well deserved title bestowed on him of "The O. Henry of the Animal World." Here we have Major Rob-erts's animal and outdoor stories gathered into a new, eight volume, illus-

Imagine the country that stretches north of the St. Lawrence, and south to the Bay of Fundy. Picture the course of that wonderful tidal river, the St. John, and the depths of forest the birth and demanding that stretch toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As a boy Roberts explored this region and found the backwoodsmen much more interesting than town folk, and the animals of the wild more exciting than most books

But the traditions of the Roberts family were classical. His father was it aside as impractical, but ever cherishing it as a dream which because of the greatness of our desire we feel is his realtives were professors or ministers. And his first teacher in Fredericten was the famous Dr. Parkin, a tency of China which always beckons striking personality, an imperial fedtency of China which always becams striking personality, an imperial fed-them, even if at times the gesture is only seen by their subconscious minds, but of what can be done in China, in her schools, in her vast life. And it sical scholarship, and was graduated

hopes of the future.

He was headmaster of a grammar vanquished an old bear sin to save her pig, vies in to save her pig, vies in with young Malindy who do child there is great gold," explains Week, Goldwin Smith's newspaper in Moon Chao. "And to save this gold before the child shall harden into dull beggar man, the mothers in every land will rise, demanding schools—schools French literature. The land of Evanbeggar man, the mothers in every land will rise, demanding schools—schools will rise, demanding schools—schools multiplied—schools splendid—schools into which is poured a wealth of wisdom, watchful care and understanding sympathics, a wealth as deep as the sympathics are sympathics. or the light!"

The principal characters are teaching the bags of gold. Under them are the light! "

Since the war Major Roberts has been far from these friends of the Northern woods. But Jim, the backshoeing fraternity, designed to the light!"

Since the war Major Roberts has been far from these friends of the Northern woods. But Jim, the backshoeing fraternity, designed to the light!" gold that lines in the children waiting until the small hours by the fire in Roberts's house in the wood. They

tor on a New York daily for a while. But all his summers and many of his pitying him, and feeling enormous re-

THE FEET OF THE FURTIVE: CHILDREN OF THE WILD; NEIGHBORS
UNKNOWN: THE BACKWOODSMEN; JIM: THE STORY OF A
BACKWOODS POLICE DOG; THE
SECRET TRAILS; KINGS IN EXILE, and HOOF AND CLAW. By
Charles G. D. Roberts. Eight uniform
volumes. The Macmillan Company.

ILE, and HOOF AND CLAW. By
Charles G. D. Roberts. Eight uniform
volumes. The Macmillan Company.

IN THE FEET OF THE FURTIVE: CHILSINGUIAN Alone, gradually coming to care less
for "sport" and more for knowledge
of the ways of the wild. The year
1914 found him a trooper in the Legion
of Frontiersmen at Southampton. By
Charles G. D. Roberts. Eight uniform
volumes. The Macmillan Company.

ries G. D. Roberts. Eight uniform sixteenth Battanon King's Regulars at Liverpool. He won his captaincy in 1915, and was made Major, O. M. F. C., 1917. He travelled after leaving the service, and when last we

old friends of the Roberts outdoor world—Pete Noel, whose shack, sixty miles from the nearest lumber camp, burned down in the dead of winter He was caught by a blizzard on "the barren" as he tried to track a herd of moose for food, and by sheer luck stumbled into the herd and was saved by them. There was Red McWha, who pretended to despise his camp for



Charles G. D. Roberts.

adopting a little baby gtri, but gave his life for her when she was caught in a lumber jam. Mrs. Gammit, who vanquished an old bear single handed with young Melindy, who defended her farmyard from a spring bear and a lynx. And there was old McPhairson,

the enemy's fire; and Sonny, the Ar

woods and wilds." make. But that young Northerner.
Later Mr. Roberts was assistant ediwinters were spent in the wilds, from lief when death ends his captivity, exeast to far west in Canada, living presses the courage and sportsmanship with the lumbermen, taking the trail of this backwoods explorer.

## Ancestors Have Their Uses

book, by far. It contains in a serious manner with the problems childhood. But before her is opened the life of her dearly loved uncle who has married a Christian and whose

consider themselves Christians. Speaking to Miriam, Dr. Philip Broadstream (he changed his name from Breitenbach 's please his wife at the time of their marriage) puts the case like this: "You can pick out his first lieutenants!

And there was war in Legonia.

Kenneth Gregory and Dickie Lang and their ex-service men fought against Mascola, and Mascola fought and his foreign seamen.

And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Legonia.

This first lieutenants!

what you want to be? Too late! A thousand years too late! Not what you will be, but how well you will be it—that is all that has been left for you to pick out. The rest has been decided for you by something greater than your will. Have you ever thought of heredity? Has not your young man lold you you are beautiyoung man told you you are beautiful? You owe that beauty to your lewish ancestry. Your eyes, your beautiful gray eyes—they were in your father's family for generations. Jewish eyes burn and sparkle and smoulder

Jewish mother you have it—from Bella Breitenbach and her Jewish mother before her! Jewish women mature early into that rounded ful-ness of development.

"You have a fine mind—clear, quick,

wonderful hevitage, then be ashamed to blush for its source! Be ashamed to let others dare to blush for it!"

preachy.
"Mary Mary" will appeal to those who like a marriel life story with complications.

"Dimi and the Double Life" is one of the best stories we have read lately, next to "The Heritage," but this is a gay contrast to the first. It is the story of a youthful poet who makes a wonderful doormat tor all the women

a wonderful doormat for all the women he has ever met, and why he isn't one for Nora we learn through many delightful and funny scenes. "If You Want a Thing" tells the story of a slippery fingered country girl who aspires to money—and her backward step down the ladder which she has been climbing.

"A Mess of Pottage" is too real.

russ!" are about a Jewish family. If we had not read "Potash and Peri-mutter" we should have been more excited over these three stories.

Horace Annesley Vachell, author of "Blinkers," just published by Doran, is a reversible proposition, we are told. One is never quite sure whether men, shooting, the brave ex-service men shown at their crippled best, and the mystery of El Diable solved!

We are not going to tell you any more about the book. It would not be fair to give away the secret, to spoil the sport you will have reading the bard of No! If you could spoil the sport you will have reading it, but we will say this much: You are spending an evening in good company if you spend it with "El Diable." out for you, and since you have ac-It is correct to refer to him as the

# In the New Edition CHIVALRY. THE LINE OF LOVE. CHIVALRY. THE LOVE. CHIVALR

CHIVALRY. THE LINE OF LOVE. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride & Co.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

ABELL has willed himself away from "modernity" and its coas John Keats. He apparently will have nothing to do with his time. He has for the things that lie about him at the most an inverted interest-expressed by a satirical silence.

Amid the general hubbub he has builded himself a mansion of romance and irony. Amid a Babel of Dreisers, Dells, Lewises, Franks, Sinclairs and crary value. other what nots, carpet sweepers and falsetto realists he has planted a Round Table that he bought of some cut."

A poem that we'd love to quote entire is the delightful "The First Hair Cut."

Alas! it is too long for that, impossible Nicolas de Caen in some inconceivable Poictesme. And the while Mencken digs and Lewis spans, Cabell is host to Dame Mélicent, Florian de Puysange, Messire Jurgen, Sylvia Darke, Catherine de Vaucelles, the Lady Ettaire, old John Falstaff and a hundred or so other persons of some fabulous yesteryear which the winds may have blown quite away but which the Prospero of Dumbarton Grange has summoned back to the glimpses of our sophisticated moon.

And in such wise and of such a

verity (ah, I have fallen quite under the spell of the Cabellian logos!) has he recreated a past that never existed in a present that is as equally non-existent, that I take this occasion pronounce him the greatest literary magician at present living in the English-speaking world actively plying his

I will admit that I cannot read too much Cabell at a sitting-not even that incomparable and immortal "Jurgen." He tires me-but so do Keats, William Morris, Anatole France and "Don Quixote." To keep his palate everlastingly fresh for sparkling Bur-gundy one must indulge in great quantities of home brew and bootleg gin.

I said somewhere in reviewing a and all we can give you is a stanza or previous book of Cabell's that he was two: a "romantic ironist." I must stick to it in reading the tales in these two latest volumes. Romantic irony is next to ecstasy the rarest thing in Anglo American fiction. Cabell is a romantic —the Lie Magnificent shall make you free!-and in every page of his prose I hear the overtones—often subtle, tenuous and sometimes almost inaudible of his ironic soul. He is the Debussy of irony. It is an irony so exquisite, so finely nuanced that none but those who are nerve strung and brain strung to catch the low laughter of the Immanent Jester can hope to capture it.

credo. Imagination and the will-toillusion take man godward. Art is the humor of life. The things one cannot see with the eye or touch with the hand are the eternalities. To conceive life as it is not (the formula is that of Jules de Gaultier) is the one gift bestowed on man that differentiates him from the sub-kingdoms. Art is the eternal illusion-it is the perpetual creation of Mala-and it is Maia alone who has the power of rending the veil Illusion being the very es-f existence, art is the only sence of existence, art is the

Ancestors Have Their Uses

THE HERITAGE AND OTHER STORIES. By Viola Brothers Shore. George
H. Doran Company.

THE HERMITAGE," the first story, is the best in the book, by far. It contains

The Heritage and "Sister Uses" is series of tales unified in theme and dealing with an all important choice in the life of a person who, by his or couperus, or merely on his translator. More likely it is the latter. Whichlood, then be ashamed to be false
to that blood! Since you have not blushed to profit by your great and wonderful heritage, then be ashamed to be the keynote of the chivalrous attitude, an attitude of which the entire book is, in reality, a wonderful heritage, then be ashamed to be wonderful heritage, then be ashamed to be the keynote of the chivalrous attitude, an attitude of which the entire book is, in reality, a long and "Sister Carrie" has made itself felt on Mr. Carrie" has made itself felt on Mr. Couperus, or merely on his translator. More likely it is the latter. Whichlevel, the life of a person who, by his or couperly, or merely on his translator. More likely it is the latter. Whichlevel, the interval of the couperus, or merely on his translator. More likely it is the latter. Whichlevel, the interval of the couperus, or merely on his translator. More likely it is the latter. Whichlevel, the interval of the couperus, or merely on his translator.

The Genius" and "Sister Carrie" has made itself felt on Mr.
Carrie" has made it the cleverest portrayals of character we have read in a long time. It deals And later he admits, "There are inter-They form a volume which upon its absolutely blind. At home he displayed smotional tales. It contains rather the altruism of sympathy. And the reader is left with the hope of a late realization of the dream of seeing China, which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which which has colored all the years of a that was Jewish and a part of her which are perfect. But they are founded on mutual understanding, first appearance in 1909 Mark Twain greeted with the comment: "I cannot seen in men who are very capable and story that overy Jew and every will appearance in 1909 Mark Twain first appearance in 1909 Mark Twain that utter blindness which are perfect. But they are founded on mutual understanding, first appearance in 1909 Mark Twain that utter blindness which upon its absolutely blind. At home he displayed are founded on mutual understanding, first appearance in 1909 Mark Twain that utter blindness which upon its absolutely blind. At home he displayed are founded on mutual understanding, first appearance in 1909 Mark Twain that utter blindness which upon its absolutely blind. At home he displayed are founded on mutual understanding, first appearance in 1909 Mark Twain that utter blindness of the properties of did chapters of history."

Among these tales I cannot choose

I am no literary critic—and never read a book unless I know it is a fine book before I read it. "The Housewife" is as fine a bit of ironic romance

as ever found its way to paper.
"The Line of Love" is a series of episodes—a revised version of one of Cabell's first books, with "The Wedding Jest" and "Porcelain Cups," which were not included in the first colition. "The Wedding Jest" is a bit of Perfection. There is a little masterpiece hidden away in this volume called "Love-Letters of Fal-Many people who sympathize with the overworked young wife and mother role than that which he plays have written stories of this bin.

this just breathes life!

The last three stories, "We Can't houncer in the American Fantiscon."

Afford It," "Matzoths Cast Upon the Mencken's opinion of Cabell is worth quoting: "He knows where a red quoting: "He knows where a peacock noun should be and where a peacock darkly purple as a grape. You may like his story and you may not like it, but if you don't like the way he tells it, then there is something wrong with

> I am not pessimistic about American literature when I see Cabell and wrought corruption and disintegr Mencken arm in arm—Aladdin going in the Van Oudijck household; in

## Two Cabell Novels Haircut Made Jimmy Proud After His Failures

TERE is a flavorous collection of On a kind of great big throne. juvenile songs. Here is deft humor, excellent craftsmanship and a penetrating analysis of the workings of the child mind. And, be-fore we forget, here's a word in praise Followed in a crowd. fore we forget, here's a word in praise lossal stupidities as irrevocably of the excellent illustrations by Rollin Crampton.

The best that can be said for most child songs is that they inspire an oc-casional "Isn't that cute!" when Mrs. Belle Lettrees (who pronounces it that way) reads them at the Thursday night meeting of the Flatbush Avenue Ladies' Club. Burges Johnson's songs are many furlongs beyond the "cute" Many of them have real lit-



Burges Johnson

Jimmy's had a hair cut! We was there to see, Peeking through the window pane-

Wrapped up to his chi Jimmy's had a hair cut— My! It made him proud!

He got pretty rich that day 'Fore he went to bed,

Making every fellow pay Just to smell his head.

Burges Johnson of course does not none of the Katzenjammer kid mis-chievousness that many another chievousness that many another writer in this field cannot resist the temptation to omit. In "Youngsters" the slapstick is wielded with art. mischiefmaker never becomes a comic supplement caricature; he always remains a character. Which is another way of saying that Burges Johnson has restraint. Here is a little snatch that illustrates our point:

SUPPLANTED. Seems zif everything nice is done Just for that newest kid.

Once, when I was the youngest one, I never got spanked or chid. I've pricked his leg with a pin, for

fun— I'm awfully glad I did!

When we first examined the conventional titles of the poems in "Young-sters" we expected conventional work. Here are some of the titles we mean: "Spring Tonic," "Being Good," "With Sister's Dolls," "At the Zoo," "Bein' Sick," "Runned Away." Certainly that list of ordinary themes suggests nothing new, and yet in each case the author has succeeded in giving seemingly wornout material the stamp of his own personality, with pleasurable results for the reader. We won't trot out the old bromide about true art being the capacity for making ordinary things live, but we will say that a cove who can write can write interestingly on anything, from sardines to sproket wheels. Burges Johnson is

such a person.

And, oh, yes, before we forget!

Students of versification can do worse than use "Youngsters" as a text book. The author is a fine technician.

XAVIER LYNDON.

### Dutch and Indian Intrigue

A NY attempt to set forth one's impressions of a book by a foreign author must give no little throughout the dialogue, make it consideration to the translator of the necessary to look constantly to the work. Very often the most interesting foot of the page for translations, only thing about a book is some point the presentation of which may or may not

have originated with the translator. Such a book is "The Hidden Force," the latest novel from the pen of Louis Couperus. The most interesting thing about this volume from the Dutch master is its resemblance in style to many of the volumes of Theodore Dreiser. It is a question, then, whether this similarity can be attributed to Mr. Couperus or to Alexander Teixeira De ality. The universe itself is a fiction Mattos, who made the English version reality. The universe itself is a fiction of God. The Immanent One is a romantic ironist. The author of "Jurgen" works with celestial paint and brush—and sword.

"Chivalry," or, as it is subtitled, the "Divain des Peines" is composed at a spile to indee the English version. The heavy, groping sentences, so laden the heavy, groping sentences, so laden the awkward periods for which Mr. Dreiser is famous. Without a knowledge of Dutch, of course, it is impossible to indee awkward periods for which Mr. "Dizain des Reines," is composed of a sible to judge accurately whether the series of tales unified in theme and influence of "The Genius" and "Sister

> their official duties, but who are nearsighted at home . . ." Again:
> "Then in the evening Adrian would

> stroll out with Doddie and listen to her passionate reproaches. He laughed at her tempersome displays, then took her in his arms till she then took her in his arms till she hung panting on his breast, kissed the reproaches from her mouth till she melted away amorously on his lips

> Dreiser was not intimately concerned

The story itself is one of mystery and intrigue, of sultry nights and lowering days, of the hidden force that lurks in the soil of India, where troduction by H. L. Mencken, the bouncer in the American Fantheon, enmity of native sons. It deals with enmity of native sens. It deals with the adventures of Van Oudijck, Dutch Resident of an Indian town-of his young wife, beautiful beyond all description, young, faithless, supersti-tious: of his petulant half-caste daughter, his passionate half-caste son, carrying on a liaison with his lovely stepmother, and of many It tells how the hidden force others. It tells how the hidden force of India, silent, mystic, sinister, wrought corruption and disintegration in the entire town. It tells of weird table rappings, strange noises in night, flendish scarlet stains on milky body of the faithless wife. At times it is a most compelling tale, gripping its reader and bringing him to the edge of his seat. Again it is extraordinarily dull, marred in some

For example, on one occasion a to find that the words are simple things which might just as easily have been translated in the text. For ex-

"It's not luaks, tuan," the maid insisted. "Massa! What we hear every night is the pontianaks." What this sentence means is simple enough:
"It's wildcats," said Theo.

"It's not wildcats, madam," the maid insisted. "Come, come! W we hear every night is the ghosts." There is nothing gained by such a proceeding. The native atmosphere cannot be retained by indiscriminative hurling of native words, and many fine scenes

affairs will soon be reading "Must We Fight Japan?" by Walter B. Pitkin (Century). This significant volume has been translated into Japanese by Lieut.-Gen. K. Sato, the eminent author and expert on military affairs and politics.

Mr. Samuel Merwin writes from Concord, Mass.: "The ice storm hereare gone. Concord is a wreck. It's heartbreaking." He has lately received many hundred letters about Goldie, the heroine of his current Post serial.

# There Came a Turn

TRADITION. By Marie Van Vorst. Bos-ton: Small, Maynard & Co.

T is good that Fred Herrick, with all his faults, had the big gift of real understanding. The story of his life is good. Read it, word for word, without looking ahead to see what twist of fate comes in the next

"'A man can give his life, my son said the priest, '. . . for overlook the possibilities of the prank-ish boy. No writer of juvenile verses does. But in "Youngsters" we have and nurse the rotten bodies there until his flesh turns white with the foul disease; he can lay his life down for science; wear it down in toll for bread. He can do everything with it for glory, or for man or God. But a man may not take his own life.'

"Herrick heard the priest's voice through a daze.

"You belong to God and not to yourself or to any human being. God has a right to your life."

Then came the collision! Herrick was not only glad he was alive but he rejoiced! He was the hero of the evening, he and the Padre. From that night on Herrick was a new man! But before that had been the life with Jessica, when he failed her at every turn of the road! There were misunderstandings, all the human mistages All the struggles in the man to attain the exalted plane of his idolized wife, all the failures. Then the beginning of regeneration. The finding of the note which Jessica lost, and the man's crazed leaving of his home. And then the collision! We were so glad he was a man again before he went to the war and won his men's love and admiration and his medals for bravery! It is true that the war did chance to come out of fire and water cleansed, but we preferred to have him influenced by the words of the Padre spoken just before the wreck.

is human, she, too, has her failings,

and she, too, learns her lesso Just between us, friend reader, we have hidden the book so that it shall not be borrowed before we have the time to read it again, from the first page to the last, and enjoy it just as thoroughly as we did with the first

John Hall Wheelock, the American poet, whose "Dust and Light" (Scrib-ners) is already in its second printing, has received many letters from readers, among which he considers, perhaps, the most flattering is the fol-lowing: "I red yr. book and it has no poetery in it only real life. I have that what you wrote myself many times why dont you put more poeter; in it like the imajinery poets did not so much true things."

#### AS NEW YEAR GIFTS SEND THE NOVELS OF Leonard Merrick

writer of keen perception and under-standing sympathy. His every sen-tence is as perfect as a miniature.

Conrad in Quest of His Youth The House of Lynch The Actor-Manager The Position of Peggy Harper Cynthia
The Man Who Understood
Women and Other Stories
The Worldlings

When Love Files Out of the Window A Chair on the Boulevard While Paris Laughed Fach \$1.90

Any bookstore can supply; or if not, they can be had from E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. T.

1921



1921

### A Merry Christmas to All

May Every Reasonable Wish and Every Seasonable Joy be Yours!

Brentano's

Fifth Avenue and 27th Street, New York

Outlook: "One of the most exciting tales of adventure ever written."

#### ANDIVIUS HEDULIO

ADVENTURES OF A ROMAN NOBLEMAN By EDWARD LUCAS WHITE, Author of "El Supremo"

Evening Post: "As full of breathless suspense and thrilling escapade as anything in Dumas."—Wm. Chase Greene. Chicago Post: "The sweep of the picture bolds us spellbound."

Baltimore Sun: "It takes a resistless grip upon the reader and hurries him . . . to a dramatic climax scarcely equaled in intensity by any in the whole wide range of fiction." \$2.00. Any bookshop can supply it; if not, it can be had from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., New York